Does Anyone Remember?

One Kiss, Posthaste

I LIVED in Hartford, Connecticut for a few years, in the 1950s, and when I was about 20, there was a Miss Something-or-Other contest.

For the talent portion of the contest, I intended to sing. I wasn't making a lot of money but wanted the sheet music to the song One Kiss for the pianist to accompany me.

All my sheet music was back home, in Clintonville, Wisconsin, and I found it was cheaper to send for the music by telegram than to buy it.

I had sung the song around the house practically all through high school, so I was sure my mother would know what I needed when I wired her this note: "PLEASE SEND ONE KISS SPECIAL DELIVERY." For the same price, I was able to squeeze in, "MISS YOU ALL VERY MUCH; HOPE YOU ARE FINE. LOVE, JOANNE."

Every day, for the next week, I hurried home to my rented room expecting sheet music in the mail. I finally had to buy the music.

The day of the contest, I arrived home from work to find a telegram waiting for me: "A BIG KISS FOR YOU, JOANNE. LOVE, MOTHER."

Somehow, someone at the Hartford Times heard the story and put it in the paper the next day with the headline "Mother Love Beats Music Every Time." Even United Press International picked up the story and sent it around the world!

—Joanne Hagen Robinson, Quartzsite, Arizona

Fragrant Fireman

WHILE ON assignment, in Paris, France, in 1945, I traded a number of packs of cigarettes for a small bottle of Nuit de Noel perfume to send to Virginia, my future bride.

Virginia's father had a habit of sneaking her perfume and using it for aftershave lotion. He doused himself with the expensive, powerful perfume I had sent, then went to a volunteer firemen's "smoker."

Even the smoke and beer couldn't overcome the scent, and they sent Virginia's dad home early.

—William Keim, Huntingdon, Pennsylvania

Babies Were Booming

THE WAR was over, and the boys had come home. That fact was evident on our front porch in Berkeley, California on my daughter Wendy's first birthday, March 14, 1947.

We lined up all the babies for a photo. Besides my daughter, all were nieces and nephews except one, a cousin to one of the babies. Another niece was sick and couldn't make the party.

All of the babies were born between March 14 and December 4 of 1946—quite a production year for the family.

—Dorothea Williams, Richmond, California